

THE MEREDITH EAGLE.

MEREDITH, N. H., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1882.

NO. 131.

VOL. III.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

When the orchards with blossoms were blushing,
And the fields with the tender wheat
That was waving with the wind,
Not then was the table to labor,
The task of the table to labor,
With the sound of the pipe and the tabor,
With anthems of joy and mirth.

Not yet when the flowers
Passed on through the light and the gloom,
When the vivid and picturesque hours
Laughed out in a splendor of bloom.
When the circle, royal and golden,
Flashed forth like a gem in the sun,
Still more by stars duty was bold,
Not yet was the victory won.

When the vines on the trellis were burdened
With clusters all purple and sweet;
When the land of the worker was guarded
With bounty of harvest complete;
When the sun over mountains and valleys
Shed its light on the happy scene,
In a vast and magnificent rally,
Shed its light on the happy scene.

Then, pausing to think of the story
Of promise, fulfillment, and cheer,
The hope and the faith and the glory,
The crown of the beautiful year,
From the stress of our care-weighted living,
The strain of our hurrying days,
We break, and uplift a thanksgiving
To God, who is worthy of praise.

And what if the storm is before us,
The days that are weary and cold,
Since the love that is vigilant o'er us
Guards over the young and the old,
Still answers the earnest endeavor
With more than a measured reward,
And eases our weariness over
To sleep from the grasp of the Lord.

So, silver-lashed beauty and mother,
So, mid-age sturdy and strong,
So, dear little sister and brother,
Join voices and hearts in the song:
To the sound of the pipe and the tabor
Weave chorals of gladness and mirth,
For the table may rest from its labor,
And plenty shall dwell on the earth.

FROM DARKNESS INTO DAWN.

A THANKSGIVING STORY.

How the wind blows! It is a November day,
driving everything before it as it sweeps across the bleak hill-top, on which a little red farm-house crouches, as if trying to shield itself from the fury of the nipping wind.

Just off to the east a strip of gray light shows that the heavy, dull roar, as of millions of disembodied spirits bewailing their doom, comes from the great, surging Atlantic, which under the influence of the sweeping northwesterly breeze the spray high up on the beach rises in rocky points.

What protection from this attack of the elements by cold, warm clothing, the housewife with the flame wind king, as he comes driving across this bare hill-top, would bring more of pleasure than of pain; but to the child who struggles along through stinging snow-drifts, whose every flake driven by the gale becomes a point of torment, nothing cheerful is evolved from this fury of the elements.

She wraps her threadbare cloak the closer about her chilled form as a fierce blast than usual curls the very blood in her veins, and presses on up the lane leading to the farm-house door.

Reaching it, she presses the latch and enters.

No rush of warm air springs to meet her and bring the fresh color in tingling currents to the pinched face.

Glowing hearth or radiating stove fills the room with the comforts of its presence. The picture is all one of blackness and desolation.

In an adjoining room a low, moaning sound tells of suffering and pain. The low "living-room" is as clean and neat as hands can make it, and the thin, patched dress, which so ill protects the form of the elderly woman sitting quietly by the table, is neat, and with some pretensions to former comfort.

She arises as the child enters the door, and taking the chilled form in her own arms, seeks to install a little warmth into the numb fingers and frozen body.

"My poor child, to think that you should have to suffer so, and I not able to help you! Oh, Amy, my baby, what to become of us? Did you see Mr. Norton, dear?"

"Yes, mamma, and the child's mouth quivers, while the rich blood mingles face and forehead."

"And what was his answer?"

"He said that if we wanted to go to the poor-house he would send a team for us, but as for giving us anything now, he would not do it."

Even as he is receiving the desired information, the man's eyes quickly take in the cheerful room and its occupants, and noting the half-frozen look upon the faces of the woman and child, James, being an unusually sensible specimen of his kind, is now slow in forming his conclusions.

Thanking the man for his information, he withdraws, and if either of the farm-house occupants were curious enough to follow his movements they might see a bay horse going at a mad gallop down the road where it comes out from under the shadows of the hill, and off in the direction of the Leland manor.

The day wears slowly on, the fierce gale still continues, and through innumerable cracks and crevices creeps into the red farm-house.

Thomas Barton lays still and cold in the little bed-room, his breath coming in cruel gasps, while beside his bed sit mother and daughter, helpless to assist him, the unbidden tears flowing silently down their pinched and hollow cheeks.

It is Thanksgiving day. The thought comes with a startling distinctness to the mind of the mother as, in glancing around the little room, her eyes fall upon a picture of a handsome young fellow, dressed in sailor costume, which hangs on the wall at the foot of the bed.

Today he was to be returned, but the angry waves have swallowed up both ship and her gallant crew, while grasping hands and dead bodies have reduced the old farm-house and its occupants to this.

"It must not be, your father must not die so, Amy. Remain here by his side, and I will hasten to the village for relief. All cannot be so hard-hearted as Cyrus Norton. Some one will hear my prayers."

Hurriedly wrapping herself in the worn shawl and hood, Mrs. Barton is about to start forth, when a sharp rattle of wheels is heard outside, and a minute later a gentle knock comes at the door, followed by a lifting of the latch, and a young lady, warmly wrapped in furs, and bright and rosy from a brush with the north wind, steps into the room, followed by a man bearing two huge baskets, from the tops of which project certain auspicious necks of bottles, while a soft aroma which enters with the new-comer tells of innumerable delicacies which these hampers are likely to contain.

"There John, just set them down there by the table, and go out and assist James," cries Bella Leland, as she crosses over to the astonished Mrs. Barton, who stands dazed by the evidences of the angelic apparition, unable to say a word.

"You must forgive me, Mrs. Barton," cries Bella, with outstretched hands. "I heard that Mr. Barton was seriously ill, and I knew you had no one to assist you, so I took the liberty of bringing over a few things. Oh, yes," as the rattle of wood being unloaded fell upon their ears, "I thought possibly your supply of wood might run short, so I just had one of the farm-hands bring over enough to last until this period of bad weather is over."

As she says this, Bella lays aside her cloak and bustles around, touching here and there the different things in the room, while James busies himself with the stove, so that a grateful heat now radiates through the room, under cover of which Bella diplomatically forgets to mention what part James's visit in the morning has played in the little surprise.

Under the cover of a gossiping chatter, Miss Leland, with the assistance of the child, unpacks the generous hampers, and it is not long before the little red farm-house glitters with life and joy, hiding brave defiance to the old wind-god, who blows and whistles outside.

"Heaven bless you, my dear!" cries Mrs. Barton, reverently kissing the little soft hands, as they are rested for the first time on anything before, but we were slowly starving to death."

"Never mind now, my dear madam," says Bella, gently. "It is Thanksgiving day, you know, and let us now forget the past and think only of the present."

Such a jolly time as the little room sees the rest of that November day! Even the sick father grows stronger, and the gasping breaths die away under the good, warm diet prescribed by the mistress, and which she herself administers.

How the old elasticity returns to the mother's step and joy to her heart, as she sees the beautiful glow once more creep into Amy's cheeks and the merry heart-song come tripping up to her lips!

Even the depths of despair they have, by the kind thoughtfulness of another, risen to the heights of the keenest pleasure.

Seeing the shape matters have taken, Miss Leland, with gentle tact, slips quietly out, and, jumping into the phaeton, is soon lodged in the handsome little bungalow at the manor, haunted, however, with the remembrance of a sturdy form in a rough jacket, which bears a strong resemblance to Philip Barton.

In the meantime Philip had been made acquainted with the history of the summer, winding up with the incidents of the day drawing to a close.

"I am sure I hardly know what we would have done," adds Mrs. Barton, "had Miss Leland not arrived just as she did."

"And she was so kind, too, brother Phil," cries Amy. "She's an angel; that's what she is."

"Angel or not, I am deeply in her debt for what she has done for you all this day," cries Philip, heartily; "but hereafter you shall not want for anything while I live. I have enough for all."

Philip's story, briefly told, is that, when the vessel was supposed to be sinking, after the abatement of the storm they managed to rig a jury mast and sail, when, being not far from land, they brought the vessel and cargo intact into port. A heavy salvage had been awarded them, which, divided between the two, gave each a small fortune, which, together with the liberal prize bestowed, was enough to have turned the head of a less sensible young man. Not being at a point where he could mail a letter to the folks at home, announcing his safety, Philip waited until he should come himself, which he expected would be very soon. He was delayed, however, and in the meantime the report of the ship's foundering and the loss of himself and companion had been set afloat by the portion of the crew who took the boats.

"But now we are all right once more, mother," he cries, as he finishes the narration, "and hereafter I will try and remain ashore."

Strangely enough, several weeks pass before Miss Leland can muster up courage enough to visit the red farm-house, and its inmates, but one bright, pleasant morning the jaunty phaeton draws up before the low-lying house, where its occupant is welcomed at the door with open arms.

A presentation to "my son Philip" follows, and the young lady finds it hard to recognize in the quiet, tastefully-dressed gentleman the rough-looking fellow who burst so unceremoniously into the house on Thanksgiving Day. Clothes, you know, sometimes effect great changes. The acquaintance ripens with the opening spring, and the thousand and one friends of the beautiful belle are startled to learn, later in the season, in fact in time to furnish food for a delicious dish of watering place gossip, that Miss Bella is engaged to a young manufacturer "up country."

"I know positively nothing about him, my dear; he was formerly a sailor, or something of that sort, I believe," is the invariable answer to the question as to who he is.

Bella, however, is satisfied, and this is of more importance, probably, than the welfare of her friends.

They are quietly married in the early fall, and not very far from the little red farm-house, which neither Philip nor Bella will suffer to be touched, rises a handsome home, where, the next Thanksgiving Day, a merry party is gathered, and into which no chill ghost of grim fate is suffered to approach, even so near as the outermost boundary of the wide-stretching lawn that reaches away toward where the tall chimneys just on the edge of the village tell of the presence of the great factories of Leland-Barton.

Classes on Interest.

A father talking to his careless daughter, said: "I want to speak to you of your mother. It may be that you have noticed a careworn look upon her face lately. Of course it has not been brought there by any act of yours, still it is your duty to chase it away. I want you to get up to-morrow morning and get breakfast; and when your mother comes and begins to express her surprise, go right up to her and kiss her. You can't imagine how it will brighten her poor face. Besides, you owe her a kiss or two. Away back when you were a little girl, she kissed you when no one else was tempted by your fever-tainted breath and swollen face. You were not as attractive then as you are now. And through those years of sunshine and shadows she was always ready to cure by the magic of a mother's kiss, the little, dirty, chubby hands, whenever they were injured in those first skirmishes with the rough old world. And then the midnight kiss with which she routed so many bad dreams, as she leaned above your restless pillow, have all been on interest those long, long years. Of course, she is not so pretty and kissable as you are; but if you had done your share of work during the last ten years the contrast would not have been so marked. Her face has more wrinkles than yours, far more; and yet if you were sick that face would appear more beautiful than an angel's as it hovered over you, watching every opportunity to minister to your comfort, and every one of those wrinkles would seem to be bright wreaths of sunshine chasing each other over her dear face. She will leave you one of those days. The burdens, if not lifted from her shoulders, will break her down. Those rough, hard hands that have done so many necessary things for you, will be crossed upon her lifeless breast. Those neglected lips that gave you your first baby kiss that face would appear more beautiful than an angel's as it hovered over you, watching every opportunity to minister to your comfort, and every one of those wrinkles would seem to be bright wreaths of sunshine chasing each other over her dear face. She will leave you one of those days. The burdens, if not lifted from her shoulders, will break her down. Those rough, hard hands that have done so many necessary things for you, will be crossed upon her lifeless breast. Those neglected lips that gave you your first baby kiss that face would appear more beautiful than an angel's as it hovered over you, watching every opportunity to minister to your comfort, and every one of those wrinkles would seem to be bright wreaths of sunshine chasing each other over her dear face. She will leave you one of those days. The burdens, if not lifted from her shoulders, will break her down. 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